

THE SECRET PAPERS

~~Chemistry~~  
of

Σ 3

BOOK 3



I want to switch what will be carried in back pack, for now. Yes, I want to transfer some "tent gear" to larger suitcase and see what happens. The heavy book case can go with large suitcase, and I can carry-on ~~back~~ back pack with small suitcase. Makes sense. This will be an adventure! I will try to be calm and centered.

May I become a writer... a better writer. Also, may I embrace my passion for ideas, such as projective geometry and the idea of the infinitely distant point - zero at infinity.

My philosophical, spiritual, psychological, political, and ontological realms are merging in mathematics, my first interest.

I loved ARITHMETIC as a child. Now my fully mature intellect wishes to experience the inner delight of deepening understanding, as suddenly I having an insight...

I will to explain something to myself, so I will take some notes and draw some pictures so that I and others might gain insight into the great mysterious, Wakan Tanka.

I may be on the verge of understanding our world on a deeper level. Mathematicians do ontology. I will bring Lang's work on ontological insecurity.



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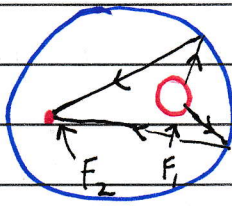
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## ELLIPSES AND PARABOLAS

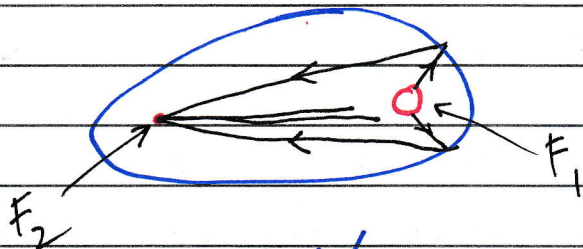
Parabolas and ellipses are actually the same thing.

Stretching an ellipse yields a parabola.

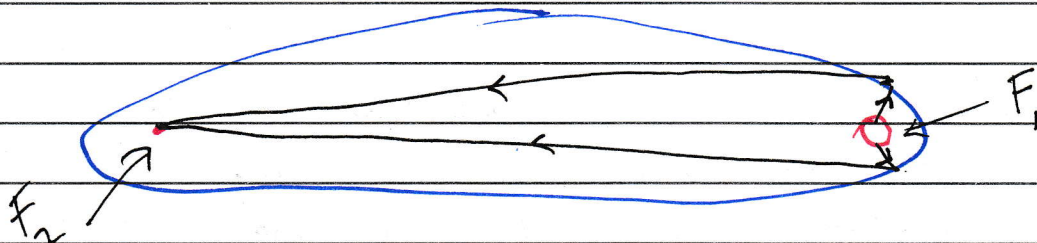
Ellipses have 2 centers,  
called foci.  
The more elongated the ellipse,  
the further apart these  
foci are.



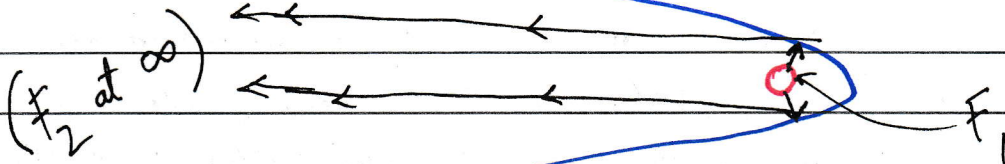
← stretch →



← stretch →



← stretch →





33

In his mind, Johannes Kepler stretched an ellipse out more and more, dragging one focus farther and farther away.

Then Kepler imagined this focus infinitely far away: this focus was a point at infinity. All of a sudden the ellipse becomes a parabola, and all of the lines that converged to a point become parallel lines. A parabola is simply an ellipse with one focus at infinity.

Kepler's point at infinity proved that parabolas and ellipses are actually the same thing.

This was the beginning of the discipline of projective geometry, where mathematicians looked at shadows and projections of geometric figures to uncover hidden truths "even more powerful than the equivalence of parabolas and ellipses." (Charles Seife 2000)

However, it all depended upon accepting a point at infinity. Gérard Desargues used the point at infinity to prove a number of important new theorems, but Desargues's colleagues couldn't understand his terminology and concluded that Desargues was nuts.

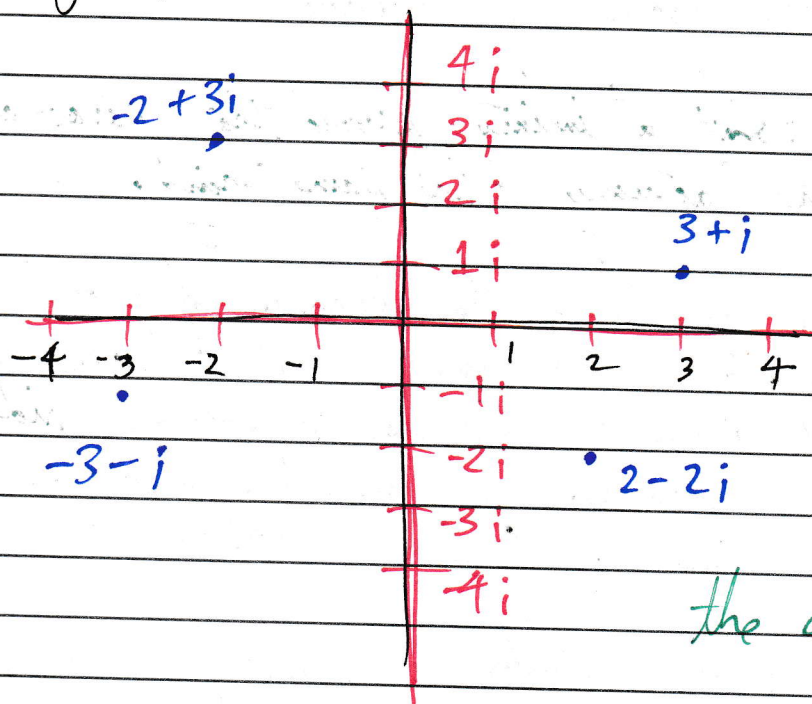
As a prisoner of war Poncelet had a lot of spare time on his hands. He used his stay in prison to reimagine the concept of a point at infinity, and combining it with Morge's (his teacher's) work, he became the first true projective geometer. Poncelet had no idea that projective geometry would reveal the mysterious nature of zero.

We must turn to Germany for this piece of the puzzle.



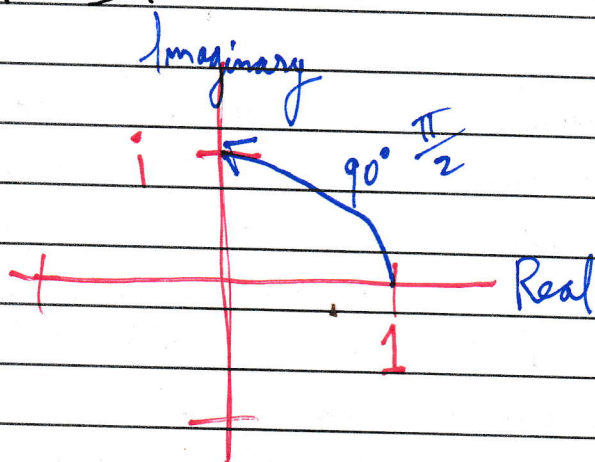
In the 1830's Gauss realized that each complex number - numbers that have "real" and "imaginary" parts, like " $1 - 2i$ " - can be displayed on a Cartesian grid.

The horizontal axis represents the real part of the complex number, while the vertical axis represents the imaginary part.



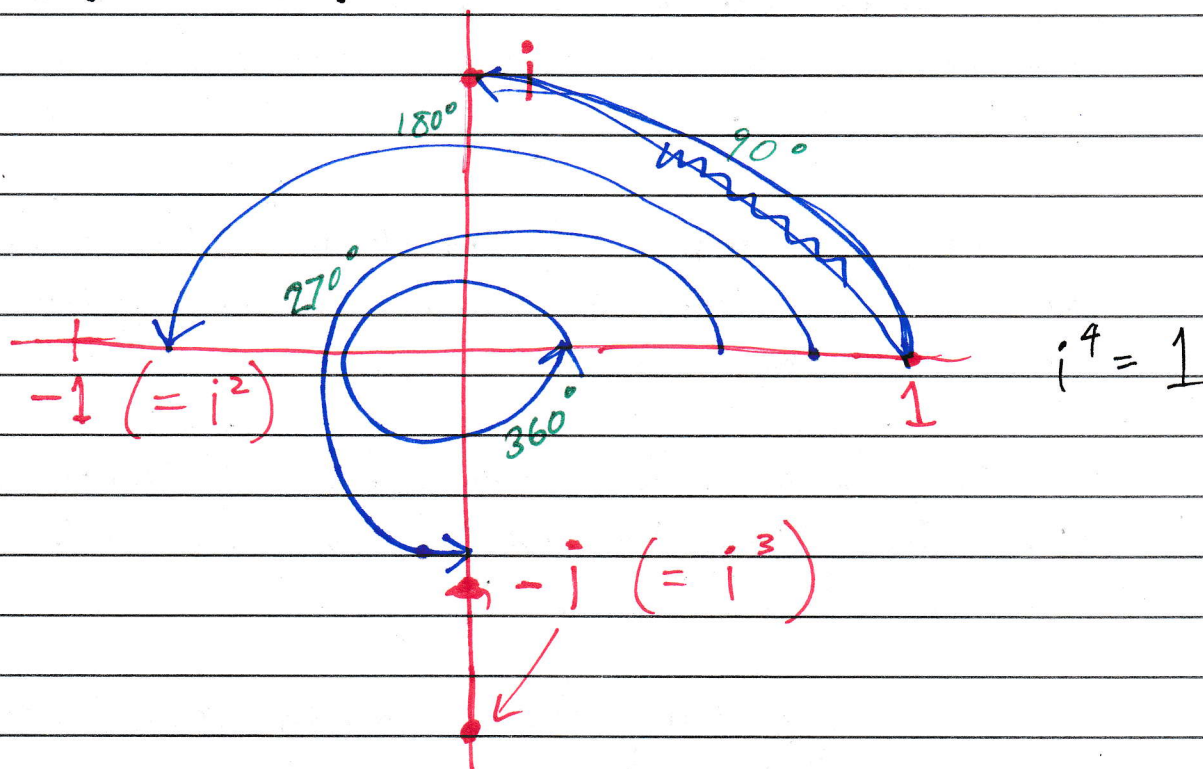
the complex plane

This simple construction reveals a lot about the way numbers work. Take, for example, ~~the~~ the number  $i$  [ $i = \sqrt{-1}$ ].

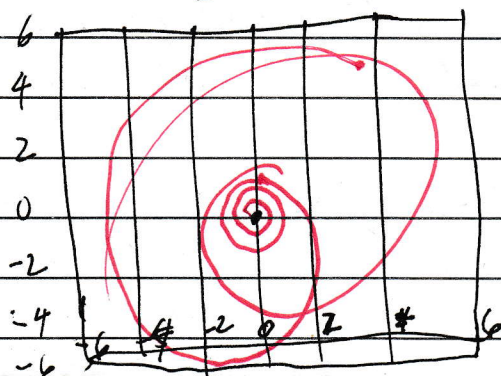




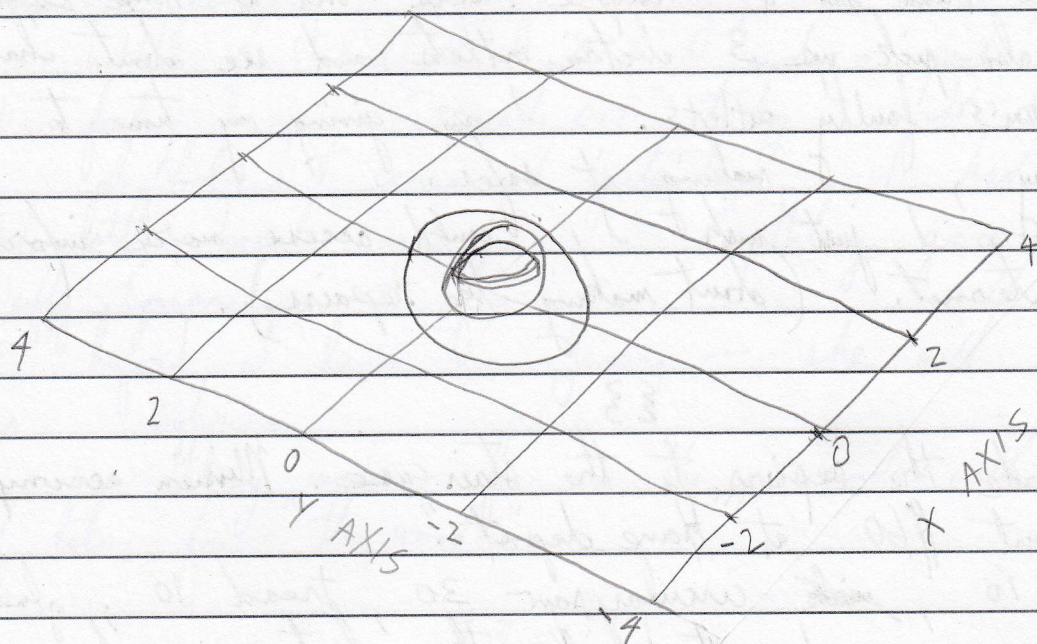
What happens when you square  $i$ . By definition  $i^2 = -1$ , a point whose ~~angle~~ angle is  $180^\circ$  ( $\pi$ ) from the x-axis, the angle has doubled. The number  $i^3$  is equal to  $-i$  -  $270^\circ$  ( $\frac{3\pi}{2}$ ) from the x-axis, the angle has tripled. The number  $i^4 = 1$ ,  $360^\circ$  ( $2\pi$ ) away, coming around full circle, exactly 4 times the original angle.



Take any complex number and measure its angle. Raising that number to the  $n^{\text{th}}$  power multiplies its angle by  $n$ . As you keep raising the number to higher and higher powers, the number will spiral inward or outward, depending on whether the number is on the inside or on the outside of the unit circle, a circle centered at the origin with radius 1.

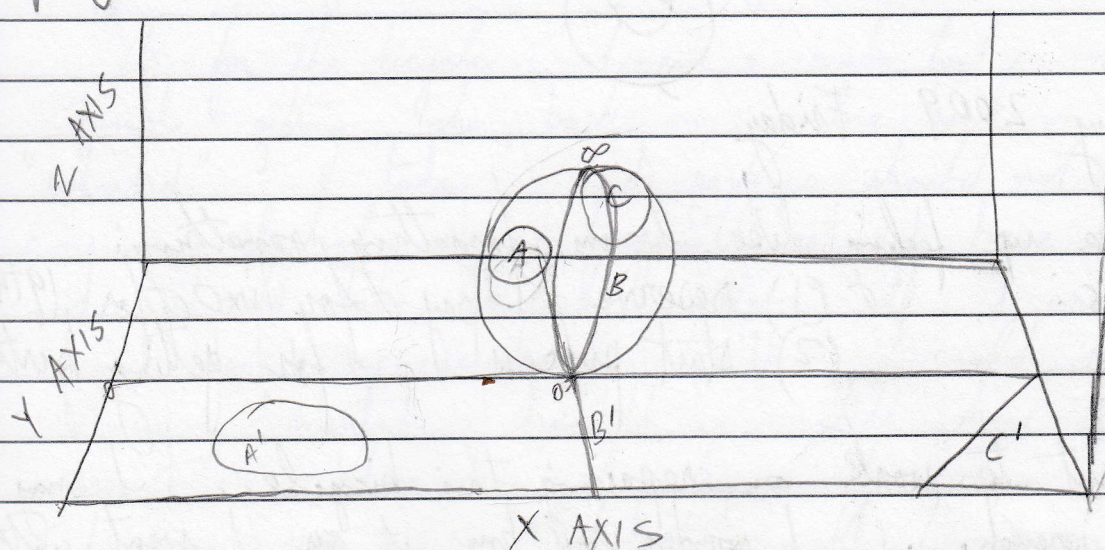






The origin - zero - corresponds to the south pole.  
 Every point on the ball has a shadow on the complex plane. The north pole is like the point at infinity that Kepler and Poncelet imagined.

Lines on the plane are simply circles on the sphere that go through the north pole - the point at infinity.



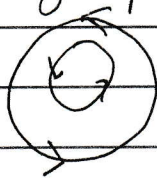


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I finished removing junk from under the stairs. Now I want to pick up a tread and a couple risers over at Home Depot. I will also pick up 3 electric outlets and see about changing a few of Mom's faulty outlets. I am giving my time to Mom's home today, making it safer. I just wish I could access more information on the Internet. (about making the repairs).

{ }

I made the repairs to the staircase. Mission accomplished! Mom spent \$60 at Home Depot. nail puller 10, ~~saw~~ circular saw 30, tread 10, glue, elect outlets, nails... I can't believe the electric circular saw was only \$30! That made the job easy. I was able to use it even in getting the damaged tread out. The nail puller was essential for removing the piece without damaging the other wood (the riser it was attached to). The entire basement may take on a glow in my absence: it will be my presence!



2 January 2009 Friday

I wake up feeling like I am forgetting something. Two things: (1) reserve X1 pay I for limo offer 19th (2) start process I for getting birth cert.

I also want to work on repairing this bicycle. I may need Allen key wrench... I wonder how it is I went without writing at all yesterday. I enjoyed the FIRE with Libby!

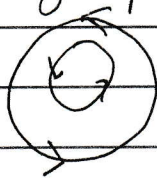


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While my primal scream may have been perceived as "psychotic", something essential was taking place out there in the fields: I anger was released.

I screamed, "I don't have a boss. I don't have a 'master'." My father can easily get "labor ready" (i.e.) ... I do not look forward to getting in the truck tomorrow.

My mother threatened me last night, telling me that, if I continue to drink alcohol while in Freshford, I will have to live in a shelter (welfare?) for my last couple weeks in New Jersey!

While the primal screaming may have helped release pent up resentment, frustration, and anger, the level of intoxication was "dangerous" in that, when I wander around "drunk", AND my emotional state gets "out of control", where I lose all perspective, then I am at risk: I might have a confrontation with the fascist cops and then be trapped in New Jersey due to legal problems.

I am at that point now where I just want to get on the train while I have the chance, but I have to wait until the 19th - exactly 2 weeks from today. Why am I finding it nearly impossible to keep from becoming drunk? OK, so if there is such a thing as an alcoholic, then I am one. I have developed a dependency on alcohol like so many others have. This "struggle" with chemical dependency is a key to my "mental health problems".



§ 3      → illegitimate form of consideration.

Money given in loans is "counterfeit". The fractional reserve policy perpetrated by the Federal Reserve, which has spread in practice to the great majority of banks in the world, is, in fact, a system of modern slavery.

Money is created out of debt. What do people do when they are "in debt"? They submit to employment to pay it off. If money can only be created out of loans, then how can a society ever be debt free? It can't. And that's the point.

It is the fear of losing assets, coupled with the struggle to "keep up" with the perpetual debt and inflation inherent in the system, ~~itself~~ compounded by the inescapable scarcity within the money supply itself created by the interest that can never be repaid that keeps the wage-slave in line, running on the hamster wheel with millions of others, in effect, "powering" (as fuel) an empire that truly benefits only the elite at the top of the pyramid. For, at the end of the day, who are you really working for? THE BANKS!

Money is created in a bank and invariably ends up in a bank. They (the bankers, & the banks) are the true Masters, along with the corporations they support.

Physical slavery requires people be housed and fed. Economic slavery requires people to feed and house themselves. It is one of the most ingenious scams for manipulating social manipulation ever created, and at its core, it is an invisible war against



the population. Debt is the weapon used to conquer and enslave societies (entire societies), and interest is its prime ammunition.

As the majority walks around oblivious to this reality, the banks, in collusion with <sup>the</sup> governments and corporations they serve, continue to expand and perfect their tactics of economic warfare. [World Bank, International Monetary Fund, the "economic hitmen".]

{ }

I admit that my father's unquestioning acceptance of economic slavery pissed me off, and it has pissed me off for a long time. I forgive him and my mother and my grandparents for their ignorance, but I refuse to SUBMIT to wage-slavery. I am angry about being manipulated with money.

This week, I want to remain calm and "centered." There is no need to fight my father. He perhaps wishes I were content to be his little flunkie slave indefinitely, but I am so ready for a CHANGE!

Maybe leaving New Jersey will be a magical and enchanting and even WONDERFUL experience,

{ }

I saw "T" on Throckmorton Street and I plan on visiting him, his woman, and his child over my Joan Jenson's street tomorrow after B "smokes me out." I may get extra \*E



15<sup>th</sup> of January 2009

The Secret Papers of  $\Xi\phi, \Xi\phi\Xi\Xi$

$\Xi\phi, \Xi\phi\Xi\Xi$

Look, listen, and learn: MATRIARCHAL  
Reading, writing, and arithmetic: PATRIARCHAL

I have no problem with the reading, writing, and arithmetic. I've got the patriarchal shit down to a science!

The matriarchal stuff → LOOK  
LISTEN  
LEARN

How mysterious that my Body is leaving behind so very many books, so very many books on MATHEMATICS, so many WRITINGS, scribbles, traces.

Shall I leave behind my hard drive as well?

No. ~~///~~ I will have to just break down and transform mom's computer so she has ... her hard drive (which is about to crash?) in my old machine ???  
I just need my hard drive.

She should keep the RAM and 750 MHz chip.

Maybe I can transfer my info onto her old drive, and I can clean my drive 80GB and give it to her!



My body will be liberated from dependency -  
not merely from alcohol, but from work,  
from "acceptance", from hope.

18 January 2009

Sunday, My last full day in Jersey?

Immediate benefit of not drinking alcohol: wake up in  
the morning with renewed vigor and clear MIND -  
calm of xi. Today I may walk to the bank  
and take \$120 for my pocket, leaving  $\begin{array}{r} 470 \\ -120 \\ \hline 350 \end{array}$ .  
I will then sit with my buddy brother Billy Reynolds.  
This will be the last time I might see him.

No matter how "high" I get, the sign still hangs over my  
head: "Abandon Hope all ye who enter here."  
For we are in Hell - a "featureless realm where we  
can't imagine <sup>ANY</sup> ~~more~~ grandchildren."

I am getting out of Dirty Jersey tomorrow at high  
noon. Can I remember O D E E C S?

NYC Train #49 3:45 PM → Chicago  $\frac{1}{20}$  TUE 9:45 AM

CH Train #7 2:15 PM → (Room 4, car 730) Seattle  $\frac{1}{22}$  THUR 10:20 AM

5<sup>th</sup> piece of luggage \$15 extra

732  
Metro 308  
3332

I was able to put 3 suitcases for transport without paying extra.  
I carried books and backpack on the train. I will be able  
to handle 4 hours in Chicago. I'll eat ... Shall I drink  
alcohol there? No.



89  
I look around and see so many "notebook computers".  
I will not have a machine to use for quite some  
time. No more computer for Mikey. I will  
not even worry about it since I have no  
need for it, really.

If a computer comes my way, then I will use  
it. If I get an old used THINKPAD  
I will be satisfied.

I will not be able to contact my mother until I  
get into Chicago. I am just relieved that  
the 3 suitcases I checked in at  
Penn Station in New York City will be automatically  
transferred in Chicago. My spirit is so  
calm. I have nothing I have  
to do, whereas, for the past several months,  
I've been preparing for THIS.

There must be an Unconscious Mind that does all  
this. I had printed out 6 pages from GS,  
one of which was "camping gear list".  
I wonder if my mother will know to mail it  
to Compass Center without me asking.  
It is NOT important at all.  
Maybe my mom will enjoy reading it - BLACK  
ELK SPEAKS.

The Serenquel calms my nerves, but I am in  
no mood to sleep right now.

NOTE: Good news: I have Badier's  
BEING & EVENT plus much of CIORAN (with me)  
After Chicago, I will have a room on the train to  
sleep in.



Is the entire planet like "Dark City"?

The possibility of not seeing Freehold again, ~~no~~ of not seeing mom or Dad or Tamir. Do I mind? Wait. Be honest. They won't be missed.

This is the next best thing to actual death.

While I am excited to see my nephew in a few days, I am also amazed at just HOW FAR AWAY my body will be from all those who I have come to know.

I HATE what Freehold has become.  
I HATE what New Jersey has become.  
What about "America" in general? It looks like one large DARK CITY so far. I awaken hungry on the train.

Seattle is about MUSIC, no?

Jim Hendrix → + GRUNGE!

Neil Young → "grandfather of grunge music".

I am calm and happy to be getting back to ANTI-OPED/P45. For so many weeks (months) I have been preoccupied. NOW I am really free to loaf, free to BE ME.

I don't feel like sleeping (on coach train) because I'm too hungry. Soon I may be able to smoke a cigarette. Sometimes it feels like "everyone knows". All those books I left behind symbolize something: "I have come to see how reading, writing, and arithmetic are all patriarchal, while logic, lists, Barre is patri-".



It is after midnight, and therefore, the 20th  
of January. When I missed my  
cigarette in Buffalo I became  
angry ... almost ready to have a  
temper tantrum.

I do not like to be restrained or  
restricted. So, there we have it.  
Wherever I go, here I am ... a body  
that becomes angry when its will is  
thwarted.

I must also see my nephew and his wife  
this way too. Nobody is immune to  
the inner complexity of Being.

Ø

Almost 3AM ... 11 hours into this so-called adventure  
and I am becoming irritable due to not  
being "permitted" to smoke tobacco.  
Also, I am very hungry.

What I am free to observe is that, No,  
I am no disciplined Joe Eli. I am not  
disciplined. Why should I have to be?  
This journey West is a new beginning for me -  
perhaps even the beginning of the end.  
Note: I am so frustrated over being trapped  
on this train that I punched the door  
with my fist. I wonder if this is why I was  
given some water. I best not drink alcohol -



(C)

20 January 2009 "Tuesday"

I slept a few hours in my seat (no problem) after my cigarette in Cleveland, Ohio.

I really want a woman badly! I wrote that while looking at a brown-skinned woman on the train.

There were "dream events" while I was sleeping on the train. I was on the phone with Grandma Weber, I my maternal grandmother, maiden name, MALMBERG. I suppose there are those who will not be able to keep from realizing just how thrilled I will be to get the fuck as far away from THEM as possible.

That's the BEST revenge, to live well!

Anyway, in the dream Grandma Weber, over the phone, tells me people will "laugh at me". I think of the film, Dead Man, where the old accountants are laughing at "William Blake". She then hung up. I guess this describes the situation going on in the inner realm.

I will call my mother when I get to Chicago, IL to see if she made it home alright.

Now the sun is shining at 7:30 AM ... a few more hours and I will be getting out in Chicago to switch trains. (2:15 PM Train 7, room 4, car 1) I am only traveling one way. I won't be returning to Freehold or to New Jersey for many years, if at all.



What is actually happening is that my cognitive unconscious is most likely understanding Deleuze & Guattari's ANTI-OEDIPUS, and has actually been applying what it has learned.

The theory of schizophrenia is formulated in terms of 3 concepts that constitute its trinary schema: dissociation, autism, and space-time or being in the world. What is common in these 3 concepts is the fact that they all relate the problem of schizophrenia to the ego through the intermediary of the "body image" - the final avatar of the soul, a vague conjoining of the requirements of spiritualism and positivism.

The ego, however, is like daddy-mommy: the schizo has long since ceased to believe in it. He is somewhere else, beyond or behind or below these problems, rather than immersed in them.

Note: Was it not the Cognitive Mathematical Unconscious which determined it would take this "briefcase" along, which makes for a great "portable desk"? Now that this train is approaching Chicago, I'll be able to eat & smoke & walk about for about 4 hours before boarding Train #7 to Seattle.

Wherever I am, there ARE problems, insurmountable sufferings, unbearable needs. Why try to bring me back to what I have escaped from? Why set me down amid problems that are no longer problems (to me)?



There are those who maintain that the schizo is incapable of uttering the word "I", and that we must restore his ability to pronounce this hallowed word.

All of which the schizo sums up by saying:  
they're fucking me over again.

"I won't say I anymore, I'll never utter the word again - it's just too damn stupid. Everytime I hear it, I'll try to use the third person instead, if I happen to remember to. If it amuses them. And it won't make me bit of difference."

Sam Becket - Unnameable

And if he does chance to utter the word I again, that won't make any difference either. He is too far removed from these problems, too far past them.

Even Freud never went beyond this narrow and limited conception of the ego. What prevented him from doing so was his own tripartite formula - the Oedipal, neurotic one:  
daddy-mommy-me.

We must not delude ourselves: Freud does not like schizophrenics. He doesn't like their resistance to being Oedipalized, and tends to treat them more or less as animals.

Freud believes schizos resemble "philosophers" -  
an "undesirable resemblance".

Now... isn't it something, bringing my studies to Seattle?



A message at The Ghost Hunt Society tells me that I may be a little disturbed by my continued hostility toward Epochypse and xog. I basically have alienated the main "contributors" (besides me). Fuck it. Two tears in a bucket!

§ 3

"Revolutionaries, artists, and seers are content to be objective, merely objective: they know that desire clasps life in its powerfully productive embrace, and reproduces it in a way that is all the more intense because it has few needs. And never mind those who believe this is very easy to say, or that it is the sort of idea to be found in books."

"The men who were most in life, who were moulding life, who were LIFE ITSELF, ate little, slept little, and owned little or nothing. They had no illusions about duty, or of the perpetuation of their kith and kin, or the preservation of the State."

We know very well where lack - and its subjective correlative - come from.

Lack is created, planned, and organized in and through social production. The deliberate creation of lack as a function of market economy is the art of the dominant class. This involves deliberately organizing wants and needs (manque) amid an abundance of production, making all of desire teeter and fall victim to the great fear of not having one's needs satisfied.



"Why do men fight FOR their servitude as stubbornly as though it were their salvation?"

"THE astonishing thing is not that some people steal or that others occasionally go out on strike, but rather that all those who are starving do not steal as a regular practice, and all those who are exploited are not continually out on strike: after centuries of exploitation, why do people still tolerate being humiliated and enslaved, to such a point, indeed, that they actually WANT humiliation and slavery not only for others but for themselves?"

R&G

"Reich is at his profoundest as a thinker when he refuses to accept ignorance, or illusion on the part of the masses as an explanation of fascism, and it is this perversion demands an explanation that will take their desires into account, an explanation formulated in terms of desire: no, the masses were not innocent dupes; at a certain point, under a certain set of conditions, they WANTED fascism, and it is this perversion of the desire of the masses that needs to be accounted for." (See THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM)

I don't know when the last time was that I read through my journals. I've been a very busy bee. While reviewing Book One of the Secret Papers, I am seeing that I have effected a certain number of operations on my own body & soul, thoughts, conduct, and way of being, so as to transform myself in order to

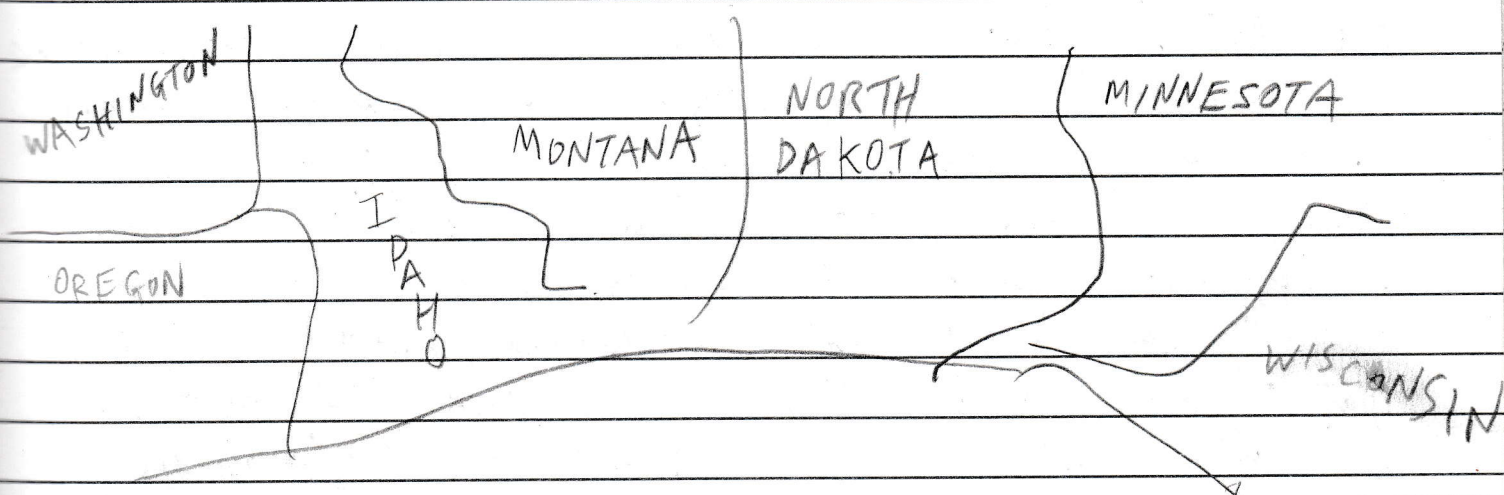


attain a certain state of happiness, purity, wisdom, perfection, or immortality. Like the Stoics, I practice self-care through writing. This will be the next "chapter" section of Book 3 = Self-care Through Writing.

There are some gems in Book 1 of the Secret Papers:

"Only through confrontation can we question the ends for which we are employed by those who themselves have no higher moral ground as to why we should do what they want, be it as they are, and think as they think." See p 41, E3,

I will spend some time just reading from my 3 journals and perhaps of ANTI-JOEDIPUS, Being & Event, and Phenomenology of Perception.



From NYC to Chicago, Illinois... Then into Wisconsin, through Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and into Washington State above Oregon, ILLINOIS



# 7: SELF-CARE THROUGH WRITING

21 January 2009 Wednesday

I slept very well. In the middle of the night, I got up to go to the bathroom. It was at that time that the train had stopped at one of those places where passengers could step out to smoke.

I smoked 2 cigarettes, back to back as if they were fat joints, inhaling the smoke deeply.

How I despise when people suggest quitting smoking - cigarettes. Why quit? I'll just quit ~~riding~~ going in places that refuse to allow me to smoke in a given area.

Even in Great Adventure - designated smoking areas. Bullshit! Who gives these asshole corporations the authority to create and enforce such arbitrary rules. Ah, I don't care to convince anyone that I'm "right". I am so finished with the Internet.

How is it that Epochypse, xog, or even Nat (and especially Ygaj) think I need them to litter the Ghost Ship Society with their presence. I am not there to entertain or to please ANYONE!

This is a great relief to not have access to the Internet and to have NO NEED for a computer. Really. I don't need a computer. I know much about a computer and have used for it ... but I do not NEED ONE.



175  
What will I "write" with? How well I type for  
the underground pamphlet? I will use a <sup>lit</sup> ~~lit~~ <sup>Rea</sup>  
I also have that memory stick...

Hell, maybe someone will sell me a cheap  
Notebook computer. I will not have an  
apartment in February. I am shooting for  
March. I just don't have the security  
deposit. I SMOKED IT.

I am glad I smoked it, and I am proud to  
be a Heavy Smoker.

I guess this train is running 4 hours behind, so  
I most likely won't arrive in Seattle until later  
tomorrow, well after noon, around 2 PM.

I will call my nephew collect when I arrive  
there, before collecting my luggage.  
Maybe he can meet me where  
I get my suitcases, so he may help me  
carry some. We will manage.

I want to put "tent gear" and sleeping bag in  
my green "army" sack. and generally break  
all stuff down into more smaller  
containers.

same te sack →

green sack → tent & sleeping bag

hippie sack

black leather carrier

black book case → use for old diaries: Bring With!

old case → As many books that can fit.

~~small~~ med red case

large red case



Where shall I list the books I have brought along with me? In Book 3 of course. I have listed what I have with me. There are other books I brought along that are mixed in with the other cases. When I get to Seattle, when I am transferring the camping gear into green army sack, I will gather the books and put them in Old Suitcase.

Will I bring them to Tent City? I may put them in a locker somewhere and take them when I need them.

I can leave camping gear at my nephew's? What sense does it make to plan such operations?

Self-care through writing!

I am very excited about the books I have chosen to bring. I will protect them from the water.

While the rain may destroy copies of these books, and while all paper is food for worms, and the words on the paper destined for the void, the process of scribbling my ideas is a form of SELF-CARE.

Why do I write? For self-care.

Now I shy away from the Internet, meaning my website at [isis.phybl.com](http://isis.phybl.com), because I sense I hold people by the hand. I have pointed to BLACK ELK. I have pointed to Vonnegut, to Carlin.



Now, which books are drawing me to them now while on the train? Don't worry about what Fili would have me read! Don't worry what nephew Joe would have me read.

I am into ANTI-OEDIPUS, very into it.  
I may get to Marx's Party and Alain Badiou and, yes, finally, Benjamin Lee Whorf;

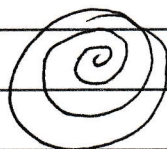
If I read from Phenomenology of Perception, I will start where I left off, Chapter 6: The Body as Expression, and Speech.

$\in \emptyset, \in \emptyset \{ \}$

Question: Am I some kind of MONK, some kind of CRAZY yogi, some kind of FOOL with CRAZY WISDOM?

The little green book holder fits perfectly within it the first 5 volumes/books of The Secret Papers of the K'o chi moco'o.

I will use symbol,  $\in \{ \}$ , for



22 January 2009 Thursday

I had wine and beer yesterday (on the train). I was reading my "poetry" out loud and regretting that I had talked so much on the train. Why did Menita ask me, "What are you going to DO in Seattle?" meaning, she wanted to know what I would do for a "living."



I arise at 3AM (The killer awakes before dawn),  
laced up my moccasins and put my boots on,  
and I walked on down the hall... just  
as the train stopped in Spokane, Washington,  
where we were able to smoke (a service stop).  
The "timing" was MAGICAL as I believe this  
could be the last chance for a cigarette before  
arriving in Seattle. It will be just another 8  
hours before we arrive there. Now I am  
~~both~~ excited about seeing nephew, a little  
concerned about where I will sort out my luggage,  
and ~~still~~ aware of an ache in my heart over  
the thought of being so far away from Freshford  
that I might never see my mother again  
unless she flies out to see me.

Reading over my notes, I see that I may also  
be a little nervous about how Robin (and, in  
effect Joe) really feel about me. They may have  
an attitude about the whole "Shorewood Forest"  
debacle/disaster. My nephew, who I will refer to  
as Wawura, does have kind of an attitude  
about MY website. He said he doesn't care at  
all about "The Ghost Shirt Society".

I guess this is really a CROSSROADS for me,  
as I have even come to care less about that  
project. It is a "train wreck"?  
I have forsaken you get a job and, unlike the  
others, I am not at all impressed with  
Xog. Anne (Forest Dweller) is right: Xog is  
a fucking creepy asshole.



Electronic communities build NOTHING.

Whatever happens there, it is alive. I set it up to function without me.  $\infty$ 's warning to me that I not "make enemies where none exist" will sit there unresponded to. Even  $\infty$ , I suspect, is a little too confident in modern technology. He is so against violence of all kinds, that I wonder if he realizes how serious I am about my stance against Western Civilization and "the West" in general.

So many "issues" and "problems" are simply no longer issues or problems. Without access to the Internet, I simply won't be able to participate. Now I am simply the "Administrator" ... It may be dead. Now Xog won't be able to "harass me".

I don't have to deal with mother fuckers like Lou - "Lucifer" - of "CPC Behavioral Healthcare". That entire experience proved to me that the entire system is designed to depress entire segments of the population. The people (clients) seem unwell or unable to get out of their cages. And yet, somehow I was switched to federal HUD (section 8) and so am able to "port out" of New Jersey.

They Bent & Golfa & Weber clans all condemn me (behind my back, of course) as some kind of "con artist". I see that I am an honest and authentic Being. I can admit I hate. Now I am dead to them and visa versa.



Ø

What shall I do when I arrive in Seattle? Will I get a room at a hostel and go through suitcases storing one at foot and others with me?

THINGS I DON'T NEED in Tent City: tent, books, blankets?

THINGS I DO NEED in Tent City: clothes, diapers

Σ Ø, Σ Ø Σ Σ

ANTI-MAN. ANTI-CHRIST. ANTI-BUDDHA. ANTI-GANDHI.

ANTI-OBAMA. ANTI-SAVIOR. ANTI-ALI. ANTI-MUHAMMAD.

ANTI-CIVILIZATION. I do not want a savior,

nor do I want to be a savior of mankind.

I want to identify myself as ANIMAL, and I want to, yes, be in touch with my ANIMAL feelings.

I want to de-individualize. I am very excited about the texts I have brought along to study. Today, this morning, I am wide awake and psyched/amped about reading ANTI-OEDIPUS. I really believe that this text seeped into my unconscious and ~~was~~ is ~~me~~ a guide, or an introduction, to the non-fascist life.

Ø

Passing through WENATCHEE (pop. 20,000, 648Ft) I see great mountains. It is a 5 hour train ride from Seattle. By about 9:35AM, we will be passing through Everett, WA, and ~~before~~ before 10AM will pass through Edmonds, WA --- then, by 11 or 10:30 (well before NOON), I will be in Seattle, WA!



I may decide to log into [isis.phpbb3now.com](http://isis.phpbb3now.com) every now and then, but I am not going to make that a priority. From 2002 (Oct) to 2009 (Jan) I have been a Presence on the Internet. Now, since I am "homeless in Seattle" ~~for~~ until I find an apartment and hand over security deposit, I will ~~live~~ live simply. I'm bored with the Internet. The elite are sderiously nervous about our ability to BROADCAST our outrage to the four corners of the earth on a whim.

This is very, very cool - my disappearance. I am applying the theories I found in ANTI-OEDIPUS. I may get a room in a hostel right away, as soon as I meet with my nephew. I want to rest indoors for a couple nights before going into Tent City #4.

Imagine I may be content there! Who will disturb me? I have my research to do. I may carry notebooks and some books.

I wonder if my nephew or Robin will attempt to control me. I doubt it. They have their life, and I have my own. I am not going to "depend on them" for companionship.

unbroken. It looks like Everett, WA is for the "well to do". Yep... I guess I'll be finding a place in the city of Seattle. I will try to find an apartment near a library.





26 January 2009 Monday SUNDOWN

I just woke up from a great sleep indoors. Revelation: Wawura is unstable

Wawura's wife is unstable and confused and afraid of "Gorticide" "Broken Spirit", aka  $\{ \emptyset \} \{ \emptyset \} \{ \emptyset \}$ . I called my mother collect to inform her that I had a "FALLING OUT" (and into the cold river) with nephew. Now "Wawura" has someone to "blame" for his disastrous marriage. Now all is fuzzy, not black and white.

I don't know my friends from my enemies! Strangers that "saved me": Brandon at hospital, Chaplain "Benedict" of North Bend fire station.



Are my "relations" in order? It may be. I see that my mother is more concerned about her phone bill than my "Near Death Experience" (NDE). I see that my nephew is deluded about his relations with Robin. I even suspect Robin could be some kind of "Persephone" (of CLAWS) who has set out to penetrate the Inner Circle of what was "Gort Busters" and has become The Ghost Shirt Society. I do suspect she was "furious" when I simply dropped yuku & "The Sharewood Forums" and created isis. & phpbbSnow.com. Now I am strongly defensive of ~~the~~ my GERMANIC IDENTITY and am extremely suspect of "white-skinned" folks claiming to be "Jews". I am at war with Israel and the Zionist U.S. military.



©

In the spirit of "self-care through writing," I will list some "Theories & Observations":

1. My nephew's so-called "wife" (NOT!) very conveniently had her daughter visit just before my arrival, making it extremely difficult for me to "arrive" from New Jersey. I suspect my nephew has been the victim of a covert operation by the JDL, that he is being used and manipulated by these "secret agents of the Zionists."

This makes my nephew a liability - an actual "crack" or "hole in the wall". I have to be sure to "remove his admin" status at The Ghost Shirt Society.

Nothing that is so, is so. My nephew may have been recruited by THE ENEMY.

I can no longer trust him. Hannah and/or Robin refuse to communicate, refuse to allow my call to go through.

∴ I may be forced to involve the police in order to secure my precious belongings which I carried across the country.

I would be FURIOUS were my journals and books to be "fucked with".

Question: Should I call the police tomorrow?

I will speak to Chaplain Benedict about it.

2. The "whites" in this area seem to "fear" me or they secretly "mock" me. I have enemies & allies.

3. I stopped posting at isis at 555 posts!



"And no one can tell the truth from the lies, but the story - deeper and deeper and deeper must rise  
SCANDAL!"

(c) Now all is on the table: NO MORE LIES!

I plan on getting to Tent City tomorrow.  
By Wednesday (1/28), I really do want to retrieve my belongings and get into my studies.

14. Because of my nephew's obvious confusion and total inability to stand up to his so-called wife, I am actually prepared - not to "abandon him", but - to no longer rely on him for "friendship".

Falling in that river was the best thing that happened to me. My nephew left me stranded in North Bend, WA after I fell into a river and nearly died. And then he has the NERVE ~~to~~ to tell my mother that I "ruined everything".

No. Fuck this. I don't want such a buddy as this. He can feel as sorry for himself as he wants. I am FURIOUS with him. I don't want him as a friend. Now I am totally alone - an ORPHAN, a NOMAD. I will not be contacting my mother. I will no longer be contacting my nephew except to get my belongings.



If I am not able to contact him, I will simply have to involve the police when I go to gather my belongings. Should anything be missing, I don't even WANT TO THINK about how this will effect our relationships. I am not taking any abuse anymore.

27 January 2009 Tuesday ©

As I slept, my spirit was going deeper and deeper and deeper inside... Queen's of "SCANDAL" over and over and over again. It feels like 15° F with 22 mph winds... 8 inches of snow will be turning to rain; and the rain will continue for a week... I at least.

I awoke with a strong sense of who I am. I am somewhat anxious over getting my suitcases out of my nephew's apartment. That Robin and Hannah hung up on me twice yesterday when I was trying to get into about when I might be able to pick up my suitcases forces me to accept that my nephew is most likely working against me as opposed to with me.

His threats of physical violence force me to face the fact that he is a volatile mental basket case.

I am not sure where I stand on this. I don't want to share an apartment with him. As long as he is under the influence of his so-called wife I will LIMIT how much I interact with him. My spirit is strong, like that of Christopher Marlowe. I am not one to mess with. When I finally get settled in at Tent City and collect my belongings,



will contact Bang Nguyen ... then I will even look up  
IRV THOMAS. From the way my mother sounded -  
not even giving a shit about my near death  
experience, I see that my nephew has already  
begun MANIPULATING so as to paint a narrative  
which blames me for his present FUCKED-UP-ness.

Isn't it a wild coincidence that ANTI-OEDIPUS, section 1  
(The Desiring Machines), chapter 5 (The Machines) speaks of  
Bruno Bettelheim's THE EMPTY FORTRESS, mentioning a "little  
Joey"? This child can live, eat, shit, and sleep only  
if he is plugged into machines provided with motors, wires,  
lights, carburetors, propellers, and steering wheels: an  
electrical feeding machine, a car-machine that enables him to  
breathe, an anal machine that lights up.

How has the child ("little Joey" - not wawura) become  
the victim of a premature intercession or a terrible frustration?

I am waiting to hear from Chaplain Benedict before 11 AM.  
He had promised to help me get to and into Tent  
City today. If I can do this today, I  
may be able to take care of getting my  
suitcases from 80 Stewart Street, apartment 321  
[MINICHINI] tomorrow.

I will not be going out of my way to update  
my mother on the events unfolding.

Note: The Japanese smoke the most cigarettes in the industrial  
world and has the least incidence of lung cancer!  
I want to look into seaweed vitamins (heavy vitamin D).

Note<sub>2</sub>: I am shocked at the price of food in restaurants in W.  
Also: pouch of TOP → \$3.50! In Freehold, \$2.25!



129

This fucking area is expensive. I came here not knowing what to expect, and I come to discover that, while some folks are pleasant, most are super sized Wasichus (Wəzɪtʃu) - as pronounced by Lakota "Marc" and "Everybody Talks About" (i.kən.walk.a.bah.tahn)

Wasichus (People Who Take) - The Takers.

Europeans in the Americas, European-Americans (whites), Africans in the Americas, ~~and~~ African-Americans (blacks), and other hyphenated-Americans are all Wasichus.

"Wasichu" is the singular form of "A" term used to designate the white man, but having no reference to the color of his skin." (p. 8 of Neihardt's Black Elk Speaks.)

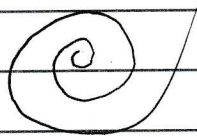
Σ ∅, Σ ∅ ∅ ∅

I will not abandon my nephew the way he seems to be abandoning me; but, after this experience with getting I (or, NOT getting) my suitcases, I will no longer be able to depend on him. He is not reliable. And my brother-in-law speaks the truth when he condemns I Robin and Hannah.

As far as I'm concerned, I have done what I came here to do: find Joey and see where his head is at. His head Joey is a mess. I will not plan anything. I just wish I could contact him. Maybe we will meet up at one of the Tent cities.



I made it to Tent City #3 @ "Moreline", but my nephew is nowhere to be seen. I feel ashamed at how we parted ways. I don't even know where he is ~~for~~ now. Here at Tent City, there is no room for my things anyway. I don't want to be too apologetic with Robin on the phone. I just want to let her know not to worry about me coming through. I won't do this until it is convenient for them (Joe, Robin, Hannah). I don't want to lose my nephew in my life, but it is a possibility I will have to be prepared for.



28 January 2009 Wednesday

After drinking several cups of coffee last night, I took the first seroquel in many days. I slept in the MASH tent until about 5:30 AM, getting up to piss 3 times.

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S	} Just 5 more nights to go and I'll have some funds to see how to get by.
			28	29	30	31	
* 2	(3)						

\* I do not want any ALCOHOL. This is the Real Ghost Hunt Society.

- ✓ 1. contact of Bung Nguyen 204 214 1300 ; leave #
- ✓ 2. Library : check isis
- ✓ 3. sign for security (sign in)
- ✓ 4. bus tickets ?



$\{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \}$

## Path of Greatness

1. Do away with the separation of concept and ~~acceptances~~ <sup>existence</sup>.  
Concept is a living thing, a creation, a process,  
an EVENT — not divorced from existence.
2. Take philosophy out of the academy and put it into circulation in daily life.
3. To abandon the opposition between philosophy of knowledge and philosophy of action, the Kantian division between theoretical and practical reason, and to demonstrate knowledge itself is actually a practice.
4. To situate philosophy directly within the political arena, to impart the PHILOSOPHICAL MILITANT, to make philosophy into a militant practice in its presence in its way of being: not simply a reflection upon politics, but a real political intervention.
5. To engage with psychoanalysis — to rival, and, if possible, to better it.
6. To create a new style of philosophical exposition, and so to compete with literature; essentially, to reinvent the 18<sup>th</sup> century figure of the philosopher-writer.

How do we banish the professional image of the philosopher?  
How do we make the philosopher something other than  
a sage, and so other than a rival to the priest?  
I aspire to become a WRITER-COMBATANT, an artist of  
the subject, a philosophical militant.



Very quickly I see how fascism creeps down into every level of the social sector. There are several in this tent city who seem empowered, with power. Why is this? How does this happen? People get "barred", "banned", "evicted" over the most miniscule infractions: arguing with those "in charge". Do people take positions of "authority" so as to protect themselves? If I were to drink alcohol, I would not enjoy it. It is like some would enjoy putting someone on the street! It is nauseating to hear people talk about banning individuals from the camps. It is truly absurd and sickening.

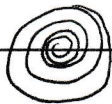
I will look for an apartment after meeting with Bang Nguyen (portability specialist). I do not want to drink alcohol because I don't want to be put out; but - really - how different could it be to just live on the street or in the mountains?

When one is at the mercy of small-minded, petty, and insecure personalities, fascism tyrannizes those who might intimidate the herd.

This TENT CITY seems to be a potential set up or TRAP. I want to look for an apartment and use my SSD to pay security rent. Have I made a mistake - coming out here? Some here are

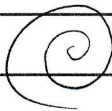


"creepy" in that they seem to "get off" on the power they have to ban, bar, or otherwise HARM those personalities that go against the grain. I will be relieved to get an apartment, but TENT CITY living is not for me. Why? Ignorant tools of fascism!



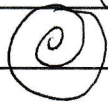
29 January 2009 Thursday

After dropping off the Request for 1/2 plywood at Dunn Lumber, I went by the Department of Licensing to inquire about the process of obtaining an ID. It will cost \$20.



30 January 2009 Friday

Now. Last night I did not sleep. I found a "Beach Park" where I was able to relax out of view of the "townspeople." When I went inside the "church" to sleep, I sat watch until 4AM, then slept until 7:30AM or so. During my sleep, I kept feeling these strong surges of sexual energy. Another S in my reality? Already... attaching myself? I really seem to be picking up some vibe OR my own DESIRETS are making themselves felt. Nothing need be done.



I called my nephew about picking up my journals, medications, Casharts, and some books. He wanted to push this off yet another day. I heard Robin and Hannah laughing wickedly in the background. My hatred grows stronger.



04 February 2009 Wednesday

Besides "tools" requested by the "Mathematical Cognitive  
Uncertainty" [MCU], ~~as "tools"~~ I also wanted  
like more BLACK INK — preferably "micro fine" point  
Suggestion: PILOT :: Precise :: V5 Rolling Ball.

Photos of Richmond Beach → Joose / Four → store for  
ink, light, hat, flashlight batteries (AgP), reading light  
+ extra batteries, lighter, matches, hat, (New harmonica)  
3 cans "American Spirit" [the DEBIT card —  
NOT CASH!]

{ ∅, { ∅ } }

6 February 2009 Friday

I was out at Richmond Beach Park Wednesday night into Thursday  
morning (4 to 5) ... and returned to camp (Tent City 3)  
by 5:30 AM after communing with the Water  
— The waters were reaching me!

I realized that I was to attend a "meeting" at  
the Josephinum for "Writing Grant Proposals for bus tickets" at 9  
AM. I put down to be woken up at 8 AM ...  
This did not give me enough time. I missed the meeting  
and was immediately barred from the compound.

This is a Fascist system, right down to the "Hoovervilles."

I was told "Intake at the Josephinum is at 1 PM  
and, even though I took my sweet time, I made  
it there with 10 minutes to spare (right on time).

The Black dude that runs "SHARE WELL" is a complete  
FAT BLOCKHEAD FASCIST SCUM BAG — another Tucker



who has made it on my Long Shit List. He could not restrain his ASSHOLE NESSE. Even though I was 10 minutes early, used the bathroom, and did nothing wrong, he instantly rejected me during the "intake" process.

This is SELF-CARE THROUGH WRITING! He took great pleasure in rejecting me. He hates me. I find this FUCKING HILARIOUS! Now I see how the fascists operate at SHARE. Most likely the "Mission" is also run by fascist blockheads too. He told me I did not have trouble "paying attention".

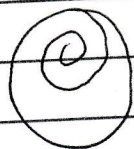
I suppose I am better off having witnessed the stupid & ugly side of "SHARE" right off the bat. I - before I put too much energy and love and spirit into this. I guess he had a problem with me not showing up for the "meeting".

I left the Josephinum and I lugged my suitcases around until nightfall. The "Share Block" was closed, and the Public Storage place would not lease me a spot because I had no "permanent residence". I had to experience this myself in order to believe it! And yet, I stayed calm.

I went to a Walgreen's and spent \$80 on some very powerful stuff: Ginkgo Biloba (double strength 120 mg) → mental alertness and memory, circulation and oxygen flow to the BRAIN, peripheral circulation and overall activity levels. Stress B-complex (with vitamins & zinc) → B vitamins help convert food into energy, strengthening the BODY's "NATURAL DEFENSE SYSTEM".



I will proceed to The Secret Papers of £3 5  
so as to pay £3 4 as a special  
purpose catch all for INFO.



Rather than focusing in on the "Nazi" Germany  
phenomenon, why not reflect upon Napoleon's  
secret police force recruited directly from  
the prisons?

I finally showered after not bathing in about 10 days.

The bathing goes with the new suit & coats,  
new gloves ... a whole look: SpiderMan?

Today, Little Wolf and J.R. showed up at the camp  
at Tent City. There is no room in the  
MASH UNIT. Little Wolf & J.R. are Native Americans.

I notice that Samolia must likely know by  
now that she could have me if I ~~was~~ she  
wanted to. I wonder what will become of my  
involvement with Nadine.

Now I am sleepy; but, I am down at Richmond  
Beach Park WRITING my logs. I will drink  
a few beers and return to the camp hopefully  
with some time to sleep for  
before my MIDNIGHT - 3AM security shift  
I guess I ought to get something for my beer & breath



This has been a Long "Book" in my life's unfolding,  
beginning 21 December - Winter Solstice. Much  
has happened. My purpose of coming out  
here to Seattle, Washington was to get  
away from CPC, ICM5, and even Red, even  
Shirley - and yes, even from my mother's constant  
interruptions and demands for my attention.

I know my mother wants me to call her with  
a phone card, but, since she was so uncaring when  
I called after "falling in the river", I have  
not attempted to "stay in contact with her".  
I literally FELL OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

"And the man in the rain picked up his bag of SECRETS  
and journeyed far up into the mountain & never  
to be heard from again... except for the  
Sound of TUBULAR BELLS!"

I made gloves with fingers cut out - out of "BOYS size" gloves.  
They are Red with black lines - like my suitcases,  
like my jacket --- RED... "SPIDERMAN"?

Now the GHOST SHIRT SOCIETY is all "Mike" -  
and even I rarely log in. I just print material  
I wish to go through. Tonight I  
would like to go thru  $\text{§} 3$  and begin the  
introductions to Book 5. I would also like  
to go through the 3 Notebooks (besides 2006-2008)



which I hauled out here to Washington State.  
I noticed that several other white dudes may be  
interested "sexually" in Somalia. He I may  
not be into me at all since I am so into  
my own ENERGY-FIELD.

Besides the "post-Matawan" notebooks, I want to  
brought 3 others:

DIARIUM SCRATCH PAD #80

DIARIUM SCRATCH PAD #82

The Dive Underground (H# 86)

(FEBRUARY 2004)  
(SPRING 2004)  
(APRIL/MAY 2005)

I want to look at 86 tonight. I may take some  
notes from these into the little £ 34. The closing  
of this book is quite significant. I  
have had a rough couple of weeks.  
My body is tired but getting stronger.

There are those who wish to FUCK WITH ME.  
They are so quick to ABUSE me that I am prepared  
to become a real APE-MAN and go off.  
I have to do a "security shift" at midnight  
tonight. I will finish my "3 BEERS" by  
about 9PM, I suppose. Then I will  
return to Tent City camp to take a POWER  
NAP for a couple of hours before being recruited  
into WAGE SLAVERY.

Somalia knows we have been turned into SLAVE  
People in the Tent City are beginning to "TRIP";  
they are witnessing my Presence. They  
see how "well" I "clean up".



# Converting date to day number (pseudo-code)

1. month : 11  $\rightarrow$  NOVEMBER
2. (month ~~day~~ 2) ? (GO TO step 8) : (step 3)
3. month := (month - 1)
4. month := month \* 63 (or 62 if in leap year)
5. month := (month / 2)
6. int  $\leftarrow$  "integer part of" month
7. to step 12
- ⑧ month := month + 1
- ⑨ month := (month \* 30.6)
- ⑩ int  $\leftarrow$  (integer part of month)
- ⑪ int  $\leftarrow$  int - 63 (or 62 if leap year)
12. add day of month.

result is day number

example:  $m = 10$ ;  $10 > 2 \rightarrow$  true  $\therefore$  step 8

$m = 11$ ;  $30.6$ ; int  $\leftarrow 336$

$10/9$  ~~10/9~~

$\frac{11}{306} \rightarrow 3366$

$\frac{306}{3060} \rightarrow 3366$

$\downarrow 336 \rightarrow 273 + 9$

$- 63$

$\hline 273 = 282$